

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT.

"When school is out I shall go home," she said.
 "And all my heartache will be comforted," she said.
 "When school is out," she said, "once more I'll rest
 My tired head upon my mother's breast,
 And feel her tender cheek against it pressed.
 And there, at last, I shall find perfect rest."

"When school is out," she said, "I know I'll meet
 Dancing for joy along the golden street—
 My little child, my babe so stainless sweet,
 Who went to Heaven before his dimpled feet
 Had ever learned in earthly paths to go.
 Nor pressed the violets, nor trod the snow:
 Oh, I will clasp him close, and I shall know
 Those kisses that I taught him long ago!"

"Life's weary lessons all are learned," she said.
 "And school is out." We went—and she was dead.

—Mrs. McVean Adams, in S. S. Times.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

When court convened again at two o'clock there were still no tidings of the missing man, and Donald Bartels, never more icily calm, began his unequal contest in the spirit of Travis at the battle of the Alamo. Of words he must build his only bulwark, talking against time. He began his address to the jury with careful description of the locations of the two mines, describing with minute particularity the Mascot lode, its dip and trend, the width between foot and hanging wall and the character of its ore. He waxed eloquent in the story of Harvey Neil's long time of toil on the bleak hillside, through storm and sunshine, summer and winter, handicapped by poverty and even more by his boyish inexperience, bravely keeping on even when at times scarce so much as a slice of bacon remained between him and starvation. So pathetic was his word picture of this weary time of working and waiting that a couple of mining men on the jury, who had perhaps suffered similar experiences in that same gambling game with nature, were visibly affected, their faces brightening sympathetically when the speaker went on to tell of the rich strike which at last had promised mete reward for all that had gone before.

Skilfully the clever speaker skimmed the surface of the troublesome times with the miners afterward, paying shrewd tribute to the avowed aims of the union while at the same time delicately upholding the man who would not discharge a faithful and efficient workman at the behest of any man, preferring to run the gauntlet of recrimination and enmity rather than be recreant to his conception of an employer's duty; summarizing the whole matter as merely an unfortunate misunderstanding which, in retrospect, should be considered really creditable to both sides. From this he went on to show how the Mascot vein had developed in richness with depth until envy had cast its evil eye upon a neighbor's prosperity, showing how the Grubstake mine had been relocated, the trend of its side lines so changed that a larger section of the Mascot's rich territory might be covered by the intersection of the two lodes—if it could be said that there were two lodes. For he would undertake to prove, the speaker went on to declare, that never had any mineral been discovered in this so-called Grubstake lode until after this relocation; they would show that the present management of the Grubstake mine, mining men of acknowledged skill and experience, had sunk a shaft upon ground revealing no smallest vein of mineral, ground utterly barren, and experiment of which the merest tyro in mining could scarcely be guilty without the set purpose which became apparent when from that unpromising shaft a drift went creeping out to the westward, a drift which to the uninitiated must have seemed no less destitute of rational design than the work at the outset, since it followed no lead, the method in which madness only becoming clear when that drift cut into a tiny fault or fissure which had previously been uncovered in the Mascot hanging wall. Then it was that the Grubstake claimed a true fissure vein making a turn at this point into the Mascot's rich ore body, although even then they had not ventured to reveal their purpose by cutting into the Mascot workings, preferring rather to delve in the wealth they had opened up beyond, where they might work undetected for the time. They could show that a man employed as foreman on the Mascot at the time this small fault in the hanging wall was uncovered, had had full direction of the Grubstake workings which led to the latter discovery, so-called, a man influenced no less by personal enmity toward his late employer than through zeal for the man who now paid him wage to do such dirty work. From this he went on to quote the decision of the supreme court of the United States in the Amy-Silver-smith case, as determining the extralateral rights of the mine owner, arguing that even if through ignorance or willful blindness to the truth this fault in the rock which constituted the Grubstake's only real claim to discovery, could be considered a true vein, its direction, running as it did across the side lines of the Mascot, effectually barred the Grubstake owner of any extralateral rights whatever in that so-called discovery. In relocating the claim, plainly the intent had been to bring the richest portion of the Mascot territory within the Grubstake side lines; but nature had been so inconsistent as to put that little slip in the hanging wall just a few feet too far toward the east, and thus the Grubstake drift, for obvious reason, planned to enter the Mascot territory at such a point as would not intersect the Mascot workings, had first come into ground

so unexpectedly lean that the enterprising manager had been forced to go beyond his side lines for the rich pickings he was after. The speaker quoted further from the case of the Iron Silver versus the Elgin Mining company, in which the supreme court had explicitly declared that if the locator does not make the explorations necessary to ascertain the true course of his vein and draws his end lines ignorantly, he must bear the consequences. The owner of the Grubstake, the speaker declared, his voice vibrant with sarcasm, had perhaps made the mistake of his life when he had failed to jump the Mascot out and out; but it was an instance of short-sightedness almost unparalleled in the history of a gentleman whose peculiar methods had contributed so much of the spice of variety to the mining annals of Colorado. And from this he passed on to the mining history of the state, to the first discoveries of the precious metals, with an eloquent tribute to the hardy endurance and courage of the pioneers, citing several of the first rich strikes, and slipping in a story in which everybody overlooked the irrelevance for the fun that was in it. The mining conditions next occupied his attention, in his zeal to make all clear to the now somewhat restless jury, going back quite to the paleolithic age. He quoted voluminously from Hayden's survey; he carefully explained the difference between the water-worn sedimentary rocks and the crystalline structure of the igneous; going on to describe the differing characteristics of the metamorphosed sedimentary rocks of the Cambrian, Silurian and carboniferous series until the gaping jury, first amazed at such show of erudition, were presently yawning for sheer weariness. Right manfully he held his ground until it appeared clear that another word would make his case forever absorbed in the minds of that unhappy six; resuming his seat at last in complacent consciousness that it lacked but 12 minutes of four o'clock. With the four witnesses at hand he felt sure of using up the remaining time before court adjourned, while before nine o'clock the next morning he felt that something must be discovered of Harvey Neil.

The first witness for the plaintiff was the surveyor who had made the original location for the Grubstake as well as the Mascot lode. He produced a notebook from which he read entries made in regard to the properties some ten years before. He thought the boundary lines of the Mascot as there entered were the same as appeared in the United States patent of a later date, but it was some time before he appeared to be perfectly sure. He mumbled in his speech and appeared to be on the verge of mental wreck whenever a new question was put to him, than which nothing could have been more satisfactory to Donald Bartels at the present juncture. The unhappy gentleman was encouraged to take his time, and, although Mr. Criley courteously waived the privilege of cross-examination, fully 25 minutes had been used up before a hatched-faced man in mining garb took his place upon the stand. He had been one of the original locators of the Grubstake claim, and he ruefully explained how he and his partner had conducted their unprofitable experiment under spiritual direction. He related, with sly appreciation of the entertainment he was affording, that they had persevered in their work until they had not so much to live upon as "the smell of an oiled rag," when he made his partner a present of his share in the old tunnel and "pulled out." No; they had never discovered any mineral to speak of, he disgustedly declared; they had struck a "horse" of black granite that was almost as hard as flint the first thing, and in his opinion it went straight through the mountain; at all events, they had never seen the end of it. He had never mined under spirit direction before or since; it had been his partner who had got him into that scrape, and he grimly averred that he "didn't want no more of it in his," to the great delight of the appreciative idlers in the back of the room. Mr. Criley had a few questions to ask of this witness, but could elicit nothing tending to show that the Grubstake, as originally located, had developed anything even remotely suggesting the mineral of its present shipment.

But half an hour remained to be disposed of when the next witness took the chair, a mining engineer and expert whose reputation stood second to none in the state. He had carefully examined the Mascot mine, its surface ground and workings, and he would state that it was unquestionably a true fissure vein, with foot and hanging walls most clearly defined. He described the character of the "country rock," the width between walls, direction and dip of the vein, demonstrating the character of its ore by certain specimens which, after objections on the part of Mr. Criley, were given to the jury for examination. He described the "fault" which occurred in the hanging-wall of the mine, explaining by what natural agency it had been occasioned, declaring very positively that he had been able to discover no evidences whatever of any true vein intersecting the Mascot at this point. Further, under an order from the court, he had, some months before, made an examination of the Grubstake property, finding there no true lead except a small knife-blade seam which had been opened up in the 150-foot level, which was not in evidence in the present case. The rich ore body claimed by the mine all lay within the territory of the Mascot, access thereto having been gained by following a true lead the slip or fault in the Mascot's hanging wall, as aforesaid. But although he had much to say, this gentleman spoke with a swift directness that consumed little time. Mr. Criley proposed a few questions, to some of which Bartels interposed technical objections, thereby using up a few minutes in wordy controversy as to the law in the case, while he further kept the witness in the chair for redi-

rect examination until the judge leaned over his desk with a frown to protest against such useless repetition. It now lacked but 13 minutes of being five o'clock, however, and it was with an air of buoyant cheerfulness that Bartels called his last witness to the stand. So far he felt the day was his.

But before three words had been spoken it was clear that this last witness, an assayer from the local smelter, for some reason would rather have been excused. He reluctantly admitted that he had made assays from both the Mascot and the Grubstake ores. He could not deny that they were similar in character, but he did not remember that he had ever said that in his opinion they came from the same vein. He did not know why he should have said anything like that; it was understood at the smelter that business was not to be talked outside; moreover he could not say now that he did think they had come from the same vein. Ore from adjacent mines was commonly quite similar. As to whether the Grubstake had been shipping high-grade ore of late he could not say; only the superintendent of the smelter could tell that; he kept run of the lots that came in. The witness had made most of the assays of late, but quite commonly the samples had been simply numbered so that he had no means of knowing from which mine they came. Again Mr. Criley smilingly waived the privilege of cross-examination and Bartels saw the witness leave the chair with a feeling that his cause had gained nothing by this testimony beyond the consumption of time. But it was now six minutes beyond the regular hour of adjournment and he felt measurably content as he addressed the court, making a motion that the jury be taken through the workings of both mines the next day, a motion promptly denied. Each side in controversy, his honor declared, was at liberty to bring into court such maps, drawings or other documentary evidence as might be thought necessary to make clear to the jury the points in dispute; but he saw no reason for wasting the time of the court in what would be simply a day of junketing in the mountains.

As Bartels had ceased to look for any favor from the court he was not surprised nor in any wise cast down, as with a reassuring glance at the clock, he resumed his seat. But a surprise was



"In the name of heaven where have you been?" he cried.

in store for him as now the judge leaned over his desk again, imperturbably gazing over the heads of the company while he deliberately announced, that, owing to the pressure of other business and the desirability of hastening the case before the court, they would not adjourn that evening until six o'clock. "Gentlemen, you may go on with the case," he courteously added, with an unseeing glance at Bartels.

There was a murmur of exclamation in the back of the room, and the clerk, wooden-faced and indifferent, mechanically beat his gavel upon the table, crying: "Silence in the court!" And then, his face grown rather pale, the attorney for the plaintiff arose and said: "If the court please, on account of the absence of material witnesses, I find myself unable to maintain the issues of this case and am therefore compelled to submit to a voluntary non-suit. I will therefore move the court to dismiss this suit without prejudice."

Mr. Criley was at once upon his feet demanding that the court overrule this motion and instruct the jury to find a verdict for the defendant in view of the fact that no evidence had been produced in support of the allegations upon which that suit was brought; but his honor, after examining the statutes, with evident reluctance, stated that under the law the plaintiff was entitled to a non-suit if he saw fit to take it. The case was therefore dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff but "without prejudice."

"You got out of that pretty well, Bartels," laughed Criley, with an air of bland condescension, when five minutes later they were going down the courthouse stairs. "Rather an awkward fix for you, too, and a strange thing all around, having a client leave you in the lurch like that; but—perhaps you have some theory to account for it."

"No," returned Bartels, curtly, ostentatiously consulting a notebook which he drew from his pocket, deliberately turning his back on the gentleman from Denver. But a moment later, as they came out of the door, he madly dashed down the remaining steps, making for a couple of riders just then dismounting at the curb in front.

"In the name of heaven, where have you been?" he cried, seizing upon Harvey Neil as a hungry dog might snatch at a bone. Neil looked pale and wan and his clothing was dusty and disheveled, as though he had been upon a prolonged debauch, but he appeared wholly cool and self-possessed. A number of men had crowded around to hear the explanation of his absence, but he only needed to right and left as though quite unaware of the surprise and curiosity

his arrival had aroused. "I suppose court has adjourned," he tentatively observed, ignoring the lawyer's question; and seeing from the other's face that he was right, he quietly added: "Well, I'll just walk on to the office with you, then," turning to the man who had accompanied him with a few words of direction about his horse. They went a few steps in silence, Bartels eyeing his client expectantly, for the explanation he felt sure must come; but Neil apparently had no idea that anything was called for on his side. "Well," he exclaimed, presently, "tell me all about it! If I were a woman I think I should be simply dying with curiosity."

"I think I am pretty close to that condition without being a woman," retorted the lawyer, with rather a strained laugh. "Where on earth have you been?"

"I suppose it played the very devil, my not getting here," Neil evasively returned, looking the other way. "I thought perhaps you might get a continuance."

"No go. Those Mexican mining deals that I referred to the other day were plainly in evidence in the judge's attitude. He was openly against us from start to finish. I would not have believed that he would dare go so far."

"And you had to try the case?"

"I had to try—and that's all it came to, though when I was finally driven into a hole completely I managed to pull the hole in after me, so to speak, by demanding a nonsuit. But before I go into details, give an account of yourself. Where on earth have you been?"

"Well, as to that—I'm sorry, Bartels—returned the young man, deprecatingly, a flush rising to his face; "you're going to think it devilish queer, I know, but—I shall have to ask you to excuse me from explaining. I was unavoidably detained—and that's all there is to be said about it."

"Oh, all right," Bartels was distinctly angry. "You've lost your case—for the time being—and that's all there is to be said about that, perhaps."

"But you said that you had demanded a nonsuit. What does that mean?"

"Simply that you begin over again."

"I'm not sure that I understand."

"What do we have to do?"

"Why, as to that, I believe that I would prefer you to consult some other attorney, Mr. Neil," returned the lawyer, who for this last straw of irritation laid upon the load of the day, was in a fine rage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAUGHT A JAGUAR WITH SIRUP.

A Central American Boiled the Sirup and the Animal Did the Rest.

A story comes from Central America that a jaguar came to a native's sugar bush one day and upset the pan of boiling hot sirup while jumping over it at the native's dog. It was a sad mishap for the jaguar, but a joyful one for the native, who sat in a nearby tree hugging it hard lest he slide down into the jaguar's open mouth. The boiling sirup got on the jaguar's paws. It made the jaguar roar with pain, and over and over the brute rolled, trying to shake off the hot, sticky stuff. It rolled into the stream of sugar, and was plastered from head to foot. Even its eyes were closed. Monkeys and birds from the neighboring thickets came around and squealed.

The molasses stuck the fur into wads and clumps, and the leaves and twigs lying about stuck fast to the hair. When the big cat rolled up against a tree trunk it would seize the trunk with its teeth and claws, tearing through the bark. For over two hours the beast ripped things up with undiminished vigor, then it slowly ceased struggling. Then the native, John Costerize, slid down the tree, picked up his machete, sneaked up to the beast cautiously, and, using the big knife as an ax, brought the heavy blade down on the brute's skull, knocking out the last vestige of life. With the assistance of neighbors, he dragged the carcass to a nearby stream, where it was soaked for a day to dissolve the molasses. The beast was then skinned, and now Costerize poses as a mighty hunter.—N. Y. Sun.

Another Reform Falls Through.

It was a North side car and the stove was taking a day off.

"This is an outrage!" said a man seated in the corner, addressing the two rows of chilled passengers. "The law says that the company shall keep these cars heated."

"That's right," said a man across the way. "I don't see why the law isn't enforced."

"We are entitled to a fire in this car," said the first speaker, "and if we don't get it somebody is liable to arrest."

Several of the passengers nodded their approval and the car load of people resolved itself into an indignation meeting.

"What we ought to do," said the man in the corner, "is to put in about a dollar apiece and hire a lawyer to prosecute the company. I'll give a dollar for one."

Up and down the two lines the passengers exchanged significant glances, but no one offered to contribute. The temperature fell a few degrees more and another great usefulness reform movement came to a sudden end.—Chicago Tribune.

Desperation of the Unloved.

A Washington lady who has been abroad with her little daughter tells this story:

The little maiden had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond, and who supplied her with most of her amusement. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge didn't know what to do with herself. She wandered about the house, upstairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying, dejectedly:

"Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yes/day—two smooove ones and one woolly one."—Washington Capital.

A Deadlier Weapon.
 Mosely Wraggs—I knowed you wouldn't git anything at that house. But wot did ye run fur w'en the woman come to the door? I thought you'd faced too many of 'em to be skeered off by a woman's tongue.

Tuffold Knutt—I wuzn't afeerd of her tongue, but she come at me with a hatpin.—Chicago Tribune.

Can They Stand This?
 Lives of Boston maids remind us, As we wander down the pike, That all chunks of icy coolness, Are not found in the Klondike. —Chicago News.

ONE HONEST ONE.



Bill—I stole pop's rod an' went fishin' yesterday.
 Willie—What d'you get?
 Bill—A lickin'!—Yellow Book.

Our Children.

Mamma (severely)—Daisy, you have been at my work box again! I'm afraid that everything I tell you goes in at one ear and out of the other.

Daisy (aetative)—Well, mamma, why don't you 'top one of zem' up?—Pick Me Up.

CHL. INTER OCEAN



A PUZZLE.

English papers are making fun of the United States navy.—Recent Cable-gram.
 Uncle Sam—I never did understand his idea of humor and I'm afraid I never will.

An Oddity.

"Funny thing," said the observer. "Call a young fellow a puppy or an old man a brute and see how mad they'll get. But call the young fellow a sad dog and the old man a gay old dog and you'll see 'em burst with pride."—N. Y. Journal.

Compensation.

"Sedgely's marriage wasn't a happy one, was it?"

"Well, that depends on the point of view."

"The point of view?"

"Yes, the neighbors had no end of fun out of it."—Chicago Journal.

Natural Interpretation.

"How is Mr. Levinsky to-day," asked the man at the door with solicitude.

"He seems to be failing," was the reply.

"Of course," said the man at the door; "but I didn't ask about his business. How is his health?"—Chicago Post.

Not Sure of the Monument.

"Whether a man is happier working for his own good or for the good of others is merely a matter of temperament," said the philosopher. "It all depends on whether a man would rather have money or a monument."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Theatrical Hit.

"We've got 'Hamlet' fixed up so it will create a furore this fall."

"What have you done to it?"

"In the grave-digger's scene the old fellow shoveling in the hole is to throw out gold nuggets as big as hickory nuts."—Chicago Record.

How He Won Her.

Miss Charmyng—Don't you think I was meant for a business woman?

Jack Hustler—No, I don't. I think you were meant for a business man.—Brooklyn Life.

Notable Purchase.

"Every time I see you, you are buying something for your wife. Do you never buy anything for yourself, old man?"

"Oh, yes, peace."—Detroit Journal.

Too True.

Lives of great men all remind us, As their pages o'er we turn, That we're apt to leave behind us Letters that we ought to burn. —N. Y. Journal.

Discouraging.
 "It's jes' my luck," said Farmer Corn-tassel, gloomily. "I'm the wust guesser a-goin'." The only sure way fur a man to git along is ter make up his mind what he's a-gointer do an' keep doin' jes' that."

"Have you had bad luck?"
 "Nothin' else. Last year I raised wheat when I orter hev tuck in summer boarders. This year I tuck in summer boarders when I orter hev raised wheat."—Washington Star.

Taking No Chances.

"Then there is no hope, doctor?" asked the fair woman, her face bedewed with the tears of a great grief.

"None at all," answered the savant, murmuring: "How she must love him!" in a soft aside.

"You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Well, I'll risk it. I'd hate, though, to buy that bit of black goods and have him get well on me."—Judge.

Not the Same.

Laura—What terrible fashions the European nobility have for remembering their ancestors.

Nonie—What do you refer to—their picture galleries?

Laura—No. I heard that every aristocratic house keeps a family skeleton in the closet.—Pittsburgh News.

Just Like Him.

Mr. Duffy—Mrs. Kelly, it pains me 't inform yez that yure hoosband has jist bin blowed oop boi a dolomolite carthrudge. We found his head in wan lot, an' his body in another lot, an' his ligs in another lot, an' his arms an' fate in another lot."

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—Begorra, that's Moike all over.—Toronto News.

Couldn't Come Out.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I haven't seen your parents for ever so long.

Little Fannie—Mamma has got scarlet fever, and cannot come out.

Mrs. Nextdoor—And what has your papa got?

Little Fannie—He's got six months, and he can't come out either.—Tit-Bits.

VANQUISHED.



Soy, Oi kin do yer. See?

"Soy, Oi kin do yer. See?"

"Oi didn't say yer couldn't."

"Soy, me dad kin knock de stuffin' out er yer pop. See?"

"Thot's nuffin'. Me muther does thot."—N. Y. Journal.

Growing.

Visitor (at the picnic)—The music is rather indifferent. It isn't a full band, is it?

Chairman of Committee of Arrangements—No, but it's getting full.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Gift.

"Julia," said the old gentleman, reproachfully, "if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss."

"I did no such thing," returned the young woman with emphasis. "It was a trade."—Chicago Post.